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• THE REAL •
DAVID HARUM



ARTHUR T. VANCE

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1918

The Real David Harum





DAVID HANNUM IN DRIVING COSTUME.

Frontispiece.

The Real David Harum

The Wise Ways and Droll Sayings of One "Dave" Hannum, of Homer, N. Y., the Original of the Hero of Mr. Westcott's Popular Book—How He Made and Lost a Fortune—His Many Deeds of Charity—Amusing Anecdotes about Him

BY

Arthur T. Vance

Illustrated with Eleven Full-page Half-tones

New York

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THE REAL DAVID HARUM

CHAPTER I

A VISIT TO THE "HOMEVILLE" OF "DAVID HARUM"

THE little village of Homer, Cortland County, N. Y., the "Homeville" of the world-celebrated "David Harum," did not awake one morning to find itself famous. On the contrary it was quite a number of months before any perceptible number of the inhabitants of the sleepy little town realized the fact that they and the typical central New York village in which they lived, had

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been immortalized in the most popular novel of the decade ; and that one who but a few years before had been but one of their best known town characters, had through the facile pen in the master hand of his friend, Edward Noyes Westcott, become a celebrity of world-wide renown. Even to this day Homer cannot help but wonder that all this glory should be thrust upon her, although after a perusal of the now famous book there was not one of the older inhabitants but recognized who the real David Harum was. Somewhat embellished and glorified though the character was by the literary skill of the author, Homer, step by step—that is, just as fast as the book could be read and passed around—recognized beneath the literary paint of the hero the well-known features and characteristic anec-

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dotes and experiences of one David Hannum, who had been the foremost citizen in some ways in the village for many years. These same older inhabitants were accordingly made exceedingly jealous of the fame that had come to the shrewd horse-dealer, showman, and banker, whom, because he had failed in later life and died a poor man, they looked upon as a failure in all things. To this day they cannot understand why it was that Hannum was selected from their midst for this literary immortality.

As they will say to the casual visitor: "I do not see why this here Westcott picked out David Hannum to put in a book. The town had a heap sight bigger men than Dave Hannum ever was. Why, we sent men to Congress, and there was a lot of fellows who went

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West and made their fortunes and was much more distinguished than Dave Hannum ever thought of being."

And the expostulations of the worthy citizen would continue with some such remark as this: "If I was going to write a book I would have picked out some fellow of *real* importance. Dave Hannum was an ordinary sort of an amusing cuss, but he never did anything to speak of, and though he had lots of money one time, he died poorer than a church mouse." In thrifty central New York poverty is always looked upon as a misfortune, and sometimes as a crime. It does not take long to find out, however, that the personality of the real David Hannum is just as interesting and even more rich in anecdotes than that of Edward Noyes Westcott's celebrated hero. Mr. Westcott

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just picked out a few of the best stories. It is the province of this little volume to tell some of the things about Hannum that Westcott did not tell, and to give the reader who is at all interested some more typical "David Harum" stories.

To go to Homer you take the trolley road that runs out of Cortland, which is the metropolis of Cortland County, N. Y. It is only a pleasant twenty minutes' ride through some of the finest agricultural lands of New York State to Homer proper, and once there the evidences of analogy between the Homeville of the book and the real village are on every hand. First of all is the old-fashioned Eagle Hotel, which Westcott describes to the life in "David Harum." It is a typical tavern of the first half of the century period, and in

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its day was a well-known stopping-place on the old stage-road between Binghamton and Auburn. Now of course everybody in Homer knows of the real David Harum by this time, though it is a somewhat startling fact that comparatively few people in the town have actually read the book ; I do not suppose there are more than half a dozen copies of it in town, if there be that number.

But where the opportunity to read has been neglected, not so with the conversational proclivities of the town, for everybody, from the man who runs the trolley car to the president of the little bank where Harum and John Lennox first met, is filled full with David Harum lore, and eager to discuss the wonderful success the book has had. In fact, they cannot understand

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why a book about the personality of an ordinary every-day sort of man like David Hannum should have been one of the most successful books in the annals of the publishing business. For instance, you drop into Phil Zimmer's barber-shop. Phil is a pretty nice sort of fellow and has read "David Harum." He takes objection to Westcott's making David say he was shaved to the blood on that Christmas day when David Harum satisfies the widow's mortgage. Zimmer shaved Hannum for more than twenty years and does not like this reflection cast upon his tonsorial abilities. Hannum made Zimmer's shop his headquarters for telling stories and discussing the events of the village.

Across the street stands David Hannum's old house and the barn where he kept his famous horses, for he

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was just as much a lover of horse-flesh, first and last and always, as Westcott made him out to be.

We see further proofs of analogy between Homer and Homeville, and Hannum and Harum, on all sides. Harum and Hannum is but the change of a couple of letters. Homeville, Freeland County, N. Y., is obviously Homer, Cortland County. Syracuse and Rochester, near-by cities, are combined to make the Syrchester of the book. Preble, the next town north of Homer and where David Harum's children were born, is Peeble in the book. Buxton Hill of the story is Truxton, which is the town adjoining Homer on the east, and on that very hill Westcott's grandfather and father and three uncles were born and brought up. Westcott makes "David Harum" accuse "Aunt

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Polly" of being as narrow-minded as "them seven-day Baptists over in Peeble," who were so narrow, David said, that fourteen of them could sit beside each other in a buggy. This was a favorite remark of Hannum's in speaking of a mean-minded man. He would say: "The narrer, contracted cuss! He is meaner than a seven-day Baptist, and they're so narrer fourteen of them can sit at the side of each other on a buggy-seat and not cover the cushion."

The Eagle Hotel, now called the Windsor, is precisely as described by Mr. Westcott in the novel. A man named Slocum kept it way back in the 40's, when Hannum first commenced his celebrated career as a horse-trader. In the early 50's he sold out to a man named Harrop, an Englishman with a good deal of sporting blood in his veins, who

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soon became a great chum of the horse-loving Hannum. Harrop had been keeping a hotel previously in the neighboring town of Scott. Dave Hannum said he could always tell the Scott people, for one of their legs was shorter than the other. This was occasioned, he explained, by their constantly working on a side hill, for the town of Scott is all hills.

I spoke of Mr. Edward Noyes Westcott's father being born near Homer. All of the Westcotts except Dr. Westcott, the father of Edward, were workers in wood, but the doctor was a dentist and one time mayor of the city of Syracuse. Dr. Westcott married a Miss Babcock. Hannum also married a Miss Babcock, a relative of Mrs. Westcott, and consequently the two men were drawn together a good deal. Hannum

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frequently visited Dr. Westcott in Syracuse, and Westcott and his son were frequent visitors of Hannum's at his place in Homer. It was in this way that young Westcott got together the facts for his novel. He could not help but be impressed with the peculiar personality of Hannum. No man was ever quite so jovial in his disposition and so rich in anecdotes, unless it was Abraham Lincoln. But the comparison between Hannum and Lincoln must stop right here. Hannum, when young Westcott first knew him, was known far and wide in central New York as a first-class horse-trader who was very apt to get the best of the bargain. His good nature, however, always stood him in good stead, and many a time the loser went away feeling satisfied just because of Hannum's amusing personality.

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Hannum was a typical Yankee, shrewd, clever, witty, good-natured, sharp, and business-like from the word go. He stood out from his fellows in a community where these qualities were the requisites of every man.

CHAPTER II

THE REAL DAVID HARUM

SOME OF DAVID'S SAYINGS

"I'm as busy as a hummin'-bird with two tails."

"I feel as frisky as a cat with a piece of catnip."

"Some folks are like cider. They're sweet till it's time to work."

Speaking of a stingy man: "He has no more heart than a bad onion."

Of the same man he said: "He's enough to give a buzzard a bilious attack."

His golden rule: "Do unto the other fellow what the other fellow 'ud like to do to you, and do it fust."

It is worth one's while to take the time to run up to Homer, when anywhere in the vicinity, if for nothing more than to hear some of the seemingly exhaustless fund of anecdotes of David Hannum which every resident of Homer

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seems anxious to tell the visitor. They are practically without end. The talkative old resident will tell you all about the man and his character; how shrewd and sharp he was in business dealings, and especially in "swapping horses," and yet how gentle and tender he could be when he tried; of his all-absorbing love of horse-flesh, and how he would rather trade horses and make two hundred dollars than make two thousand dollars in a business operation. He began without a cent in the world, made a fortune, and died with no more money than he began with. His sayings have become proverbs in Homer. They are all of them characteristic. Some of them I reproduce at the beginning of this chapter.

As a matter of fact Hannum was not so illiterate as Mr. Westcott made David

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Harum appear to be. So far as this goes, some of the inhabitants of Homer greatly resent the implication in Westcott's book that everybody up there speaks with a twang and a dialect. Hannum was born a few miles north of Homer in 1823. The house is still standing. His mother's name was Silent, and his father, Zalatis, was a deacon, but David evidently took neither after his father nor his mother, for he was never very religious, while it was a characteristic of both his parents ; and as for his mother, as the old settler will tell you, she was Silent by name and silent by nature, while David wanted to do all the talking all the time. Being a poor boy, David did not get much schooling, and as soon as he was able he left the farm and made arrangements with a Homer merchant to sell cooking-stoves on the

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road, as a commercial traveler, so to speak. He started out with a disreputable-looking team of horses and four or five stoves in the wagon. At the end of the week he returned with a handsome team of horses and all the stoves sold. He had made his first horse-trade, and that with another man's horses but the advantage was so much in his favor that his employer could not say a word. He sent him out with some more stoves, and he was just as successful on this trip as on his first.

So successful was he in these trips that in about a year he had saved up enough money to go into business for himself. This time he started out with a load of wooden pumps, and made a trip through the country selling pumps, trading horses, and making money in any honest way. If he ever got the

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worst of a horse-trade, the event has not yet been recorded, and Cortland County is full of horse-dealers at that, but they all acknowledged that David Hannum was the greatest horse-swapper ever known in that part of the country. I have just said that he was never known to get the worst of a horse-trade. There is one instance, however, that is really worth the telling. Hannum had a horse known to be a kicker in all the country, and for this reason the animal was only worth twenty or thirty dollars, when it looked worth \$500. David tried to trade him off in half a dozen trades, but the kicker always came back. Dave finally worked the beast off on an unsuspecting citizen in Cortland. The horse was practically useless to any one. Whenever he was hitched up he proceeded at once to kick the dashboard and everything else

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in reach to flinders. One day a man named Miller, who had long had it in for Hannum, conceived an idea to get even, so he bought the horse for a song and had him clipped. In those days clipping horses was a new thing, and clipping this horse made a great difference in his appearance. Miller hitched the horse to an old street-car that ran from Cortland to Homer, and started out. The horse began to kick, but the iron dashboard of the car was as hard as his heels, so it did not do him any good. The horse was game, however, and kicked steadily all the way, but by the time he got to Homer he was a pretty limp and used-up animal. His spirit was all gone, for the time at least. This was just as Miller wanted him to be, and without losing any time he set out to find David Hannum. As usual Hannum

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was in Zimmer's barber-shop telling stories.

"I have got a fine horse I want to sell you," said Miller.

There was not a more welcome word that came to Hannum's ears. He set out at once to look at the animal. With his hair clipped off and with broken-down spirits and a look of meekness in his eyes, Hannum failed to recognize the kicker that he had sold a few days before, and he bought the horse back again for two or three hundred dollars, thinking he was getting a great bargain. He did get more than he anticipated, for next morning when he started to take the horse out to test its gait the beast had recovered all its old-time spirit, and in the short trip from the stable to the street, managed to kick the buggy into little pieces and to throw Hannum and a

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friend out of the buggy into the dirt. David got to his feet as quickly as he could and said "damn" a few times. That was the extent of his profanity, but he never again spoke to Miller as long as he lived.

Hannum was a great favorite with the young people. He loved nothing better than to have a crowd of young boys and girls around him telling them stories. Whenever there was a circus in town he would take them to see the show. Time and time again his friends would ask him to have his picture taken. One day he told the children that he had yielded to their wishes, and that if they would go up to the photographer's they could each get a copy. When the eager little ones arrived at the photographer's they found that Hannum had had his picture taken, but

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that he had stood with his back to the camera. He laughed a good deal over this joke, and then to appease his young friends had another view taken especially for them, both of which are reproduced here. If there was ever a time when Hannum was in demand, it was when the circus was in town. There would be a string of youngsters awaiting his arrival at the entrance at every performance, and he never failed to take them in to see the show. He certainly was a friend to the young people.

I am indebted to Hon. John Rankin, ex-Mayor of Binghamton, N. Y., for many of the anecdotes used here. Mr. Rankin probably knew David Hannum better than any other living person, and in many ways undoubtedly was the original John Lenox of Mr. Westcott's

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novel. In fact Mr. Westcott got many of his anecdotes about David Hannum from Mr. Rankin. Rankin and Hannum were in business for some eighteen years. Mr. Rankin says it was not an unusual thing for Hannum to stop and swap horses fifteen or twenty times a day with the neighboring farmers who came to Homer. Mr. Rankin was about twenty-one years of age when he was first engaged in business with Hannum. They were interested in patents notes, mortgages, real estate, and oil-stoves, and they used to travel over the country from one end to the other together. I had a very pleasant interview with Mr. Rankin a few weeks ago at his home in Binghamton. He told me many very interesting stories about David Hannum. There is no doubt whatever in Mr. Rankin's mind

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but what Hannum was the original of Mr. Westcott's hero.

The last trip that Mr. Rankin made with Hannum, and this was after they had dissolved partnership, was a drive up to the farm of a well-known personage called "The Deacon," the same Deacon mentioned in "David Harum."

David wanted to convince the Deacon that he had better sell him his hay crop, sell off his cows in the fall and buy a new herd in the spring. He thought there would be more money in it for the "Deacon" than feeding it all winter. Hannum had made a contract to sell all his own hay from several farms, and whatever he could ship from that point, for a period of years, at fifteen dollars a ton. The man had given a bond of sixty thousand dollars, with two sureties that were said

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to be perfectly good at that time; but after Hannum had sold his cows, seeded his 2000 acres, and contracted for his neighbors' hay, the market dropped, the man failed to take the hay, the sureties put their property out of reach. This was David's first big reverse.

I will let Mr. Rankin tell the story: "The Deacon was not ready to be convinced that day, and as we drove off David proposed that we drive around by Preble and come back by the other road. He had a spanking team of chestnuts, and I assented. As we drove into the village he said: 'John, suppose we stop at Van's and take something to build up our system.' Van Auken was the landlord and a horseman—the latter the principal attraction for my friend. I replied that I didn't hanker for Van's vintage or his larder, but he allowed that

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we had better halt, with the remark that "The last time I stopped there to wash the dust out of my throat I shook hands with Squire Mat Van Hoesen, and walking up to the bar, I says: "Squire, will you have a drink?" and eight of them stepped up to the bar. If they've got a corner on anything in Preble, it's on Squires and dispensin' justice.' "

Mr. Rankin continues: "As we rode home that day, Dave let the chestnuts sow the dust and sift sand most of the way. Occasionally he would slack up a little to talk about the nigh horse—he was sitting on that side of the buggy. It depended on the disposition of the horses which side he preferred when he drove. He kept up a general conversation with himself about the merits of that nigh horse, what a fine head he carried, that he didn't need any check-rein to

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make him look in the fourth-story window, nor any rubber strap to pick his feet up. "Look at that knee-action ; just let me touch him up a little and see how he opens up," and away we sped. I had been noticing the other horse, and he was a beauty. Hannum had bought him to match the nigh one, which he had got in a trade ; he was a splendid animal, and every minute his end of the evener was in its proper place. I finally said : " Dave, I like the actions of this horse pretty well ; what is the matter with him ? I don't hear you say anything about him."

" Him ?" says he. " Why, John, I don't have to say anything about him, he speaks for himself. I'm talking about the other hoss."

There was one expression that David Hannum used almost every day of his

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life, which Westcott has given very accurately. It occurs in the scene when Lennox first meets Harum and hopes that he is well. The latter answers : " Wa'al, I'm improvin' slowly ; I got so'st I can sit up long enough to have my bed made." To realize the full force of this remark it should be borne in mind that Hannum weighed over 200 pounds and was the picture of health. Mr. Rankin says he has heard him give the above answer hundreds of times, and there are a hundred others who have heard him say it many times. One of these is Mrs. Mary Markham, who with her husband lived in Hannum's house after the death of Mrs. Hannum. Mr. Hannum's connection with these two persons was another illustration of the sympathetic nature and generous heart of the man.

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“A couple of years before Hannum’s death,” says Mr. Rankin, “while I was spending a few days with the old man, one evening he invited the Markhams to join us in a game of Old Sledge, a favorite game of his. He was pleased with these people; they made his home comfortable, and were careful, desirable tenants. After the game was over and we were left alone, he said: ‘John, can’t you find something for this chap Markham—some situation where he can make something? He is a clever fellow, he knows a heap; he’s been well off, owned a store in Louisville, had a streak of hard luck. There is no chance for him here. I’ll allow he’s a little slow and about the best sitter I ever knew; he’ll never push a meetin’-house over or take a medal running with a fire-engine, but he’s smart at figures, and she’s first-

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class.' I told David that I didn't think of anything then, but if an opportunity offered I would let him know. And somewhat later I was able to carry out his wishes."

In 1853 Hannum and his sporting friend Harrop bought a race-horse in New York City which he called "Peanuts." This is the only time Hannum ever took much stock in horse-racing. Peanuts, however, only lasted for one race. A Tammany man from New York, named Penderville, came to town that fall with a little bay mare, and lowered "Peanuts'" colors in a match race that is still talked about in Cortland County. "Peanuts" was hitched to a high-wheel sulky with springs, in which sat the landlord of the Eagle Hotel. Hannum had insisted on Harrop's driving. "Peanuts" had been carefully

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conditioned for two weeks ; he had been led out every morning and walked on the dewy grass, and sweated and rubbed under the eyes of both owners. The little mare from New York came up and turned for the word, hitched to a road buggy, with Penderville driving. Down they both came, neck and neck, with the crowd shouting all the way, and "Peanuts" came in a length ahead ; time given 2:53. All Homer was happy. The betting commenced—they were small bets. Penderville offered to double the original wager. Harrop was willing, but Hannum was cautious. It was well he was, for the little mare took the next two heats in about the same time as the first heat. The old horse was winded. After the race David was crestfallen, and sold his interest in "Peanuts" to Harrop, and never after

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did he own the smallest portion of a trotting-horse. He owned spans that could step faster than "Peanuts," but he never entered into horse-racing.

"One day," said Mr. Rankin, "we made a trip to Elmira, N. Y., to see Flora Temple race. On the way an incident occurred which came to my mind as I read Mr. Westcott's account of the way David Harum twisted Bill Montaig around and rushed him out of the bank door. At Binghamton we took the Erie Road for Elmira. Van Anden and I occupied a seat together, and David sat with a stranger in the one just behind us. The cars were well crowded; some persons were standing. At Waverly I saw a friend I knew, and stepped to the opposite window to speak to him. While at the window a strap-ping yokel took my seat, against the

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protest of Van Anden and David. I asked the chap to get up and give me my seat, but he wouldn't ; he said it was as ' much his'n as mine.'

" 'Take it, John,' said Dave.

" I tried to take it, and crowded the fellow over and sat down, but he was in it also between Van and me. Van was a strapping six-footer, and we commenced to squeeze the fellow. We dug our elbows in his ribs, and pushed, but he stuck to the seat as if he was glued there, and did his share of the crowding. Presently the conductor told him to give me the seat. The boor persisted that ' he'd be d——d if he'd give it up for the conductor or anybody else.' The conductor was busy, and passed on taking tickets. Then Dave got out of his seat, and, putting his hand on the conductor's shoulder, said : ' My friend,

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I don't want to break no rules, or do nothin' to get anybody into trouble, but do you think any harm 'd come to you if I sh'd remove that rooster?'

" 'I guess not,' he says, 'but I'm not giving advice to start any row.'

" Dave waited a minute, and then he grasped the intruder by the collar and one leg and dragged him clean over me and shoved him down the aisle. The chap turned and rushed for Dave, but he twisted him and rushed him back, letting him have the full force of his boot at the same time.

" As Hannum came back, Van said : 'I hope you didn't hurt him, Dave.'

" 'Well, we're better acquainted,' was the reply. 'I gave him a partin' saloot. I put my foot under his coat-tail, so the news got to his head putty d——d quick.' "

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Hannum and Mr. Rankin visited Syracuse frequently, and once while stopping at Dr. Westcott's they told the doctor of the success they had been having disposing of rights to a new churn which made butter rapidly by running the cream through a couple of zinc wheels as it passed into the churn. Rankin and Hannum thought it had a tendency to make the butter a little too fine-grained, and Dr. Westcott devised an improvement to the churn. They sold about \$20,000 worth of these patent rights. In telling about this Mr. Rankin touches upon another side of Hannum's character. He continues :

“ One of our last sales was the right to manufacture in the State of Vermont for \$3,000, to three persons. We required bankable indorsed paper from every one. One of these three persons

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was a one-armed man without any means, to whom we were reluctant to sell, but the other two were so anxious for him to join them that they persuaded his father, who owned a small farm four miles out of the village, to indorse his paper for four months for the thousand dollars. After we made the sale David said to the young man :

“ ‘ Young man, you’ve bought something that’s got value to it. Whether you’ll make anythin’ I can’t tell ; it all depends on you. It needs push and brains. I’ve furnished brains at my end of the route, I can’t furnish any further ; you’ve got to supply the demand at your end.’ ”

“ Our bankers took all our paper at legal rates, and when we came to the one-armed man’s note they were willing to take it with his father’s indorsement,

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which he knew, but I thought I had better leave that note in the bank in escrow and see how the colt'd break in. Four months later the purchasers made one trip to Vermont and made but very little over their expenses. I said to Hannum :

“ ‘What shall I do with that Smith note up in Gouverneur ?’ ”

“ ‘Wa'al, John, it w'd be putty tough f'r that old critter to hoe a thousand dollars out o' them stumps, wouldn't it? He'd have to put a plaster on that farm to sweat over. What do you think ?’ ”

“ ‘I'll do whatever you say,' I replied.

“ ‘Wa'al, I guess you'd better tell Anthony to give the poor cuss his note and call it a tribute to Home Mishuns.' ”

While Hannum was not quite as illiterate as Westcott made him, according to Mr. Rankin he was no grammarian ;

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and although Westcott was not writing a biography, Mr. Rankin says that nothing could be more true to life than Westcott's description of Harum in the book: "Rather under the middle height, he was broad-shouldered and deep-chested, with a clean-shaven, red face; with, not a mole, but a slight protuberance the size of half a large pea on the line from a couple of inches above the ear; below that, thick and somewhat bushy hair of yellowish red, showing a mingling of gray; small but very blue eyes; a thick nose, of no classifiable shape; and a large mouth, with the lips so pressed together as to produce a slightly downward and yet rather humorous curve at the corners."

Mr. Rankin believes that Mr. Westcott had no intention of concealing the identity of this shrewd, humorous, and

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famous horse-trading philosopher with whom he was so well acquainted, and whose wife was a relative. He could not have disguised it from Hannum's friends if he had located the story elsewhere and given his hero another name instead of David Harum. The other characters may have been composite, but not "David Harum." He was David Hannum from the first chapter to the end of the book.

The horse-trade, which is one of the favorite anecdotes in Mr. Westcott's book, Mr. Rankin says took place exactly as related. Another typical horse-trade Mr. Rankin relates about the team sold to a Mr. Barlow, a well-known horseman and cigar manufacturer of Binghamton.

It was a few days after the trade that Mr. Rankin visited Hannum at Homer,

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and went out to drive with him behind the horse that he had taken in the trade with Mr. Barlow. The animal was a "good-looker," but he hitched badly in his travel, and possessed numerous other blemishes not distinguishable to a novice in the horse business. After they had ridden for some distance in silence Mr. Rankin remarked :

" Dave, didn't Barlow do you a little on that trade ? "

" He thought he did. He-he-he-he ! " was the answer.

Again they rode in silence for some distance, when Hannum inquired : " John, would you like to hear how Barlow stuck me ? "

Being encouraged to go on with the story, he continued :

" Well, you see, Barlow thinks he knows something about horses. Thinks

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he's a horse-trader, he-he-he-he! Well, he come up here to look at a team that he and me had had some correspondin' about. They were about as likely-lookin' a pair of blacks as you ever sot your eyes on—that is, when I got ready to drive 'em; for, you see, I had had just a leetle experience with 'em. I took good care to get Barlow out of hearing of the barn while I had my man a-hitchin' up the blacks, and when the hostler drove 'em round to the house they come with their heads up and a steppin' fine.

“We got in, and went out on my track back of the stables. After we had gone once round the track I pushed on the reins a little, an' you ought to 'a' seen Barlow hold onto his hat, and the way he kept admirin' them blacks more with every chunk of dirt they throwed.

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"I told him that the off horse had a record of thirty-nine, and had never been tracked much, either; and he could see how well they pulled together. Before we had gone a mile he made me an offer of what he said was a likely colt and considerable boot money. We drove back to the house. I didn't 'pear to be 't all anxious to trade, but told him I'd run down to Binghamton in a few days and look his colt over. Well, I went down, and he thought we made a trade down there, and he also thought he stuck me on this colt. But, John, I'll tell you something," and the old man leaned over and continued in a loud whisper :

"That trade was made before I left Homer, for I knew that if Barlow's colt had four legs under him he could have the blacks. For that boot money that he

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offered me was considerable more than the horses cost me ; an' I guess 'twas about all they was wuth. He-he-he! And to think how Barlow thought he had stuck old Dave Hannum!"

" Say, John," the horseman added after the two had driven some distance in silence, " I got a letter from Barlow yesterday. And I don't believe he thinks he's stuck the old man quite so bad after all. He says as how he can't somehow make them two horses drive together the same as they did when I held the ribbons, and he wants to know if I won't come down and act as hostler for him a spell. In fact, he intimates that they drive about the ornariest of any horses he ever set behind."

" Have you answered the letter?" inquired Mr. Rankin.

" Yep. Answered it the next mail,

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Took a big sheet of paper, and this is what I wrote. Says I: 'Every time before you take that team out of the barn give the nigh horse a good heavy feed of long oats.' And to think how Barlow stuck old Dave Hannum! Why, John, every time before you take 'em out of the stable you've got to give that nigh horse the worst gaddin' you ever heard tell of before you can make him step up at all. That's what I got Barlow out of hearin' of the barn for before I made the trade. My man was a-feedin' the black his "long oats."

"Now there's another man down to Binghamton that I sold a team of horses to a few years ago," continued Mr. Hannum, as the two drove along. "That was your Mayor, Joseph M. Johnson. Mr. Johnson he come up here to look at some horses, and see if maybe I couldn't

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fit him out with a team. 'Know much about horses?' says I, as soon as he made his business known. 'Hardly a thing,' says he. 'But I've been told that you know 'nough 'bout 'em for two men, an' so I'd have to depend on you somewhat,' says he. You see, he was different from Barlow. He didn't know it all in the first place, and he didn't try to stick the old man neither. And John," the old man continued, as he leaned close to his companion, at the same time taking a liberal supply of tobacco from his silver box, "no man ever got a better bargain out of me on a horse-deal than Mayor Johnson."

One of the most amusing stories in the book is that part where David Harum tells of his experience while visiting a rich friend at Newport. The fact is that David Hannum was never in

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Newport in his life. The incident related about his experience there actually occurred, however, only it is necessary to substitute the former residence of Mayor Rankin of Binghamton for the Newport house. This is the residence where Mr. Barlow, who traded horses with Mr. Hannum, now lives.

At that time Mr. Rankin was mayor of the city, and he lived in excellent style. One morning, when Mr. Hannum was visiting him, Mr. Rankin arose rather late to find his visitor sitting uncomfortably in a heavily upholstered chair in the parlor, wondering when breakfast would be ready. He had been up for several hours, and had been around the spacious grounds, had visited the stables and carefully examined the horses, and had been across the street to a greenhouse to look at the flowers.

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Mr. Rankin ordered one of his servants to serve an "early breakfast" for Mr. Hannum. With this meal was a soft-boiled egg, which was served in a small egg-dish, a spoon accompanying it. Mr. Hannum did not know anything about this manner of disposing of eggs, but he did the best he knew how, with the result that he got more of it on the front of his waistcoat than in his mouth, the egg flying all over him when he attempted to break the shell with the spoon.

That night Mr. Rankin invited in a few guests to dinner. Among them were ex-Mayor and Mrs. Stewart Wells, who still laugh at the awkwardness of Mr. Hannum at that time. Just before dinner was served Mr. Hannum went outside the house. A few minutes later he appeared with his clothes wet to

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the neck. He had managed to fall into an old and long-unused cistern that had been built by a former occupant of the place, but which had for years been covered over with sods. This necessitated his borrowing a dress suit of Mr. Rankin; and in this he was more out of place than ever.

One of the most interesting anecdotes of the novel is the account of how David Harum satisfied the mortgage of the Widow Cullom. In this he felt that he was making good a debt of gratitude he had long owed to the widow's husband, who had paid his way into a circus when he was a boy; and this was the first real kindness that the poor boy had ever known. It is interesting to note that this satisfaction of the widow's mortgage actually happened just as it is recorded in the novel. The kindness of Willie P.

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Cullom in taking the poor boy to the circus was remembered in another way. For in the prosperity of his later life nothing afforded more pleasure to David Hannum than to gather all the boys that he could find and pay their way into a circus.

He was always considered a hard man to deal with, and one who looked on a horse-trade as a legitimate field for "doing the other feller as he would do you, and doing it first." Nevertheless there are many people still living who appreciated the kind acts that he performed for them. But when Mr. Hannum got hold of a man who attempted to "do" him he was always on the watch to be first in the "doing." And he never let up on such a customer, no matter how badly he might squeal.

Elias Crandall, a farmer living over

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the hills a few miles from Homer, at one time went back on Mr. Hannum in a trade. The latter patiently bided his time to get even. And this is the manner in which the debt was paid: Hannum and Rankin owned a stallion together. In their horse partnerships the work of disposing of the animal was always left to Mr. Hannum, because of his ability in that line.

Vanderbilt, as this horse was called, was a fine-looking animal, but he had one fault strongly condemned by all horse-owners. Elias Crandall had heard of Vanderbilt's good qualities, and one day he came to look at the animal. Mr. Hannum described all the good points of the horse, and then the two men started for the barn. As they entered the stable the half-owner pointed out the animal, and said: "There he is, 'Lias. Go right

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in and look at him. He may act ugly, and he will bite the manger, like's 'nuf, but he won't hurt you. He's gentle as a kitten." Mr. Crandall went into the stall and looked Vanderbilt over, and Mr. Hannum soon led the horse out. It was a case of love at first sight, and when Mr. Crandall went home, he led Vanderbilt; and Mr. Hannum hunted up his partner to pay him his share of the \$400 which he had received for the horse.

The next morning Mr. Crandall appeared at the Hannum gate, leading Vanderbilt.

"Look here, Dave Hannum, you've cheated me! You didn't tell me that this horse was the blamedest cribber that you ever hitched in a stall."

"I didn't?" was the reply. "Why, didn't I tell you when you went into the stall that he wouldn't bite you, but that he

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would bite the manger? And I thought that any fool knew that a horse that bites the manger 'nough to make his owner speak of it is apt to crib a little."

"Well, but you didn't exactly say that he was a cribber; and you didn't tell me that when he cribs he draws in his breath and whistles so that you can hear him nearly a mile. Why, that dumbest brute made such a noise with his whistlin' that I didn't sleep a wink last night."

"Well, now, that's strange," replied Mr. Hannum. "Why, 'Lias, I can't understand why you couldn't sleep last night; for, do you know, I hain't slept so well airy night since before I bought that horse."

The teasing proclivities of the man were well shown in another affair in which Elias Crandall figured. It seems

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as if Mr. Hannum felt that he could not entirely get even with this man.

One time, after the Messrs. Hannum and Rankin had dissolved partnership, Mr. Rankin commissioned his friend to buy him a Cortland County farm. The farm that Mr. Hannum finally bargained for was that of Mr. Crandall. Enough was paid down to bind the bargain, and a contract was drawn up in which it was provided that if either Mr. Crandall or Mr. Rankin went back on the bargain he was to forfeit \$1000.

On the day specified Mr. Rankin appeared in Homer with the purchase price, \$7500, ready to pay for the farm. Mr. Crandall was also on hand, but he was not so ready to sign the papers. He had looked around for another place, and had greatly repented of the bargain that he had made. He tried to coax

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Mr. Rankin off, but the purchaser stood firm ; and finally the farmer cleared himself of the transaction by paying his forfeit of \$1000 and keeping his farm.

After the transaction Mr. Hannum met Mr. Crandall on the street and called out : " Hello, 'Lias. D'ye git your thousand dollars ? "

" Get a thousand dollars ? No ! But, Dave, do you know, John Rankin held me right to the bargain and made me pay him that forfeit. "

" What ? You don't mean to say that you paid John Rankin a thousand dollars ! "

" Yes, I do say just that ; for that's what I did. "

" Well, I swan ! 'Lias Crandall, you did go clean off your feet afore you reached the first chapter. Why, John Rankin didn't want that farm ; and he

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came up here to-day with a thousand dollars to pay you to let him off."

Mr. E. Floyd Preston of Pittsburg tells a characteristic David Hannum anecdote :

"In the late sixties," says Mr. Preston, "I met a Mr. Walker of Binghamton, N. Y., a brother of Governor Walker of Virginia, in Richmond, who was evidently well acquainted with David Hannum as a brother lover of good horses. In discussing Mr. Hannum's strong traits of character he related the following :

" 'Dave and I were walking along Saline Street, Syracuse, and saw a big, burly fellow strike a little old man, apparently an in offensive passer-by. The old man reeled and fell heavily to the ground, and Dave cried "Oh!" in so distressed a manner that a blind man would have supposed him the party hurt. There was a young farmer sitting

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in his wagon immediately opposite, who, with the spring of a tiger, leaped to the walk, and knocked the bully down and thrashed him soundly. While performing that duty Dave danced around him in a delighted manner and cried several times: "Give it to him! he needs it!" and "Give him a good one! I will pay for it!" When the bully cried for mercy, and Dave called the farmer-boy off, the latter found one of his knuckles broken, whereupon he drawled out:

" "I'll be gol-darned! it's just my luck. There's half a month's time lost, and I've got the worst of it."

" 'Dave was on hand with sympathy as well as admiration for the young Hercules. He asked :

" "What is your time for the next month worth to you, friend?"

" "Twenty dollars is what I was gettin',

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and it's too bad. Dad and I was raking the town over to be ready to lift the mortgage on our little place, and this knocks it all out."

" "I think not," replied Dave, who, holding a ten-dollar note out to me, said: "Cover it, Walker. It's our share in this fight. The young man will have to bear the pain, and we his loss of time. It's fair, Walker." I never donated money with any more satisfaction than I did that ten dollars,' said Mr. Walker. 'But it required Dave Hannum to put me in the way of making it. His keen sense of justice enabled him to see just what should be done, and with him seeing was doing. Yes, sir, Dave Hannum was a gentleman, and a princely one at that.' "

"The last time I met Mr. Hannum," writes Mr. Preston, "was in 1870, in

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Syracuse. During an evening's visit I learned that he was the owner of a number of farms and negotiating for others. He had them stocked with cows, and worked the milk up in factories of his own. He was in high spirits, and evidently well satisfied with his prosperity.

"Some months later, after an extended tour South and West, I wrote him from Clinton, Iowa, that the then Eastern craze for farm-lands was sure to die out, and that when the reaction came prices would go much below those of before the war period, giving as my reasons, first, the then fast opening up of vast tracts of excellent farm-lands in the West and South by rapid railroad-building, and the slow but sure return to specie payments in a few years. His reply informed me that our views were wide apart. My later information was that David Han-

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num, having cast his fortunes with the vast number of farm-purchasers of that price-inflated period, passed through the mill of the repudiationists and was ground 'superfine,' with hundreds of thousands of others, and died poor."

Hannum's brother and nephew survive him in Hartford, Conn.

Mr. T. W. Hannum, the brother, has collected quite a bit of material on his brother, some of which he has been good enough to furnish the writer. He clears up a number of disputed points:

"For instance," writes Mr. Hannum, "I have never seen in any publication a correct statement in regard to David's wives and children, time of marriage, sex of children, etc. He first married Charlotte Hancock when he was about twenty-six years of age (not forty), and his first child was a girl (Mary), who lived

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to be seven or eight years old. The death of the mother followed a few years after. He married the second time when he was about thirty-five to Lois Babcock (not Louise). By his second wife he had a little boy to whom he was very strongly attached, who died at about the same age as the girl by the first wife."

Mr. Hannum also furnishes these facts about David's early life :

David was one of three boys. Their father settled in Preble, where he supported his family by cabinet-making till cabinet-making by hand alone became unprofitable. The elder Mr. Hannum was one of the first abolitionists—at one time the only one in Preble.

When David was about fourteen years old he spent a winter away from home, and when he was about fifteen he visited Syracuse, going with a farmer

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carrying a load of grain to market, staying overnight and returning next day, where he saw a canal, the first and only time till after he was of age. About this time the family removed to Homer to secure the use of water-power, where David had the care of the horse and goes with his father to make an exchange of horses, and so early began to have an interest in horse-flesh.

When he was about seventeen he went to live with his uncle, Horace Hitchcock, in Homer village, doing family errands, caring for the garden, corn, and barn, attending the village school and later Homer Academy, where he received about all the "book-learning" that ever came his way, though he was not nearly so illiterate as Westcott makes him out to be.

When David was about twenty years

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of age he went to earn some money by working a season of eight months for a farmer. After this he worked at home a few months and then commenced selling pumps for a Little York pump company. Later he sold stoves on commission, and in this way laid the foundation for his future.

From this he began to trade in horses and was soon famed the country over as a horse-trader. He made money up to this time in nearly all his undertakings. This brings him right up to the period of Mr. Westcott's book.

Mr. Rankin is generally recognized as the prototype of Westcott's John Lenox. Mr. Rankin's own views on this point are characteristically modest. Mr. Rankin says :

"The success of the novel, in my opinion, is due to the character of David

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Harum. The sketches and other characters are filled out by the imagination of the author. As to John Lenox, while there are a good many circumstances in the book resembling my own acquaintance with him, leaving the hotel while there and stopping at his house, and other similar incidents which friends have recognized, I doubt whether these matters had more than a passing thought in Westcott's brain. The characters he made out to suit himself. In the book he made John Lenox a leader in the choir, whereas I do not know one note from another. As to Mary Blake, that was all Westcott's creation. Westcott was cognizant of pretty near all the facts in Hannum's career, and it is true he did bring into the book some of Hannum's friends and acquaintances, like Billy P. Cullom, of Cortland. Every one in that

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section knew there was but one Billy P., and that was Billy P. Randall, well described by Westcott. He did Hannum a favor in his early life which Hannum always remembered, and when he was ill Hannum every day for several years hitched up, rain or shine, and drove down to Billy P.'s house to inquire his health."

Young Hannum went to selling patent rights when he got through the pump business. He was as "slick" at this as at horse-trading. "Sellin' patent rights," an old resident of Homer told the writer, "largely depends upon a man's gift of gab. If you kin' make a man believe thet a black hog's a yeller dog, yer pretty apt to be successful sellin' patent rights. And Dave wuz kinder handy with his tongue. He could argy with yer so thet you'd think

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thet yer wasn't yerself. Once he took the rights fer a patent churn; said it could make butter in less than a minute. Took it up ter Rochester, whar they calls themselves pretty fair to middlin' smart. Dave wuz up thar to sell that thar churn fer good money, and they found out he wuz smarter 'an they wuz.

"Fust thing he did arter gettin' some men with the cash located wuz to hire a hall, an' announce thet he wuz a-goin' to make butter in less than one minute.

"Whan they wuz all inside the hall he sent a man fer ter fetch a pitcher of cream. He had it all fixed up with this feller, and when he wuz carryin' the cream up onter the stage down he drops, an' smashes the pitcher and all. Dave acted as if he wuz all broke up over the accident, but he kinder cheered up a bit. 'Gentlemen,' sez he, 'I'm blamed sorry

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this thing happened, 'cause I don't know where to git no more milk, but it won't interrupt the proceedin's eny at all. I'll jes' go ahead and show you how it works with water.' And he did. I don't suppose yer could make butter in thet churn inside of a half-hour."

He was always a very active, energetic man, and while he liked to swop "hoss-tradin'" stories with his neighbors, he never neglected his business to do so. He hated a lazy man, and used to say: "Some people are like cider; they are sweet until it's time to work."

CHAPTER III

"DAVE" HANNUM AND THE CARDIFF GIANT

IF there was one thing that Hannum would rather have been than a horse-dealer it was a showman, and this brings to mind his connection with the famous Cardiff Giant. We have already spoken of his intimacy with Harrop, the sporting landlord of the old Eagle tavern. Harrop and Hannum formed a partnership to take a woolly buffalo-horse with long hair and a long mane, with an especially fat pair of oxen, to the world's fair in New York City in 1853. They secured a tent in a vacant lot near where Bryant Park now is. There was plenty of room around Bryant Park in those

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days, and Harrop took his bartender with him to act as caller-in. The bartender was a young man by the name of Stout. He was stout by name and stout by nature, for he weighed 330 pounds and was a good advertisement for the fat oxen. The show was a success, and at the close of the fair they sold the woolly horse to another showman and traded the fat oxen for the famous horse "Peanuts" with a butcher. It was a long while after this that the Cardiff Giant first commenced to make people talk. The story of this famous hoax, which fooled the keenest minds of the continent so long, will bear retelling, and I might as well retell it in the language of the man who was primarily responsible for it all, who, somewhat remarkable to relate, also hails from Binghamton.

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George Hull, the inventor of the famous Cardiff Giant is still living in Binghamton. He is now nearly eighty years old. He never tires of telling of the big stone man with which he fooled the public thirty-one years ago, and still bears a grudge against the relative to whom he confided his scheme, and who, as he says, "gave away the snap that lost him a big fortune." He is a giant himself, standing 6 feet 2 inches in his stocking feet, with shoulders apparently a yard wide and a well-proportioned frame.

"Yes," he said, with a good humored smile, in a recent interview, "I am George Hull, and I made the Cardiff Giant. I am a Connecticut Yankee by birth. My father, John Hull, was a New Hampshire man, and married my mother at Suffield, Conn. She was a

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Connecticut woman. They were both of English extraction. My father was a contractor for bridges and other public works. He lost a good deal of money by a partner, and when I was young we all had to put our noses to the grindstone. I never had but one year's schooling, and when I was fourteen I went to work on a farm and turned the soil with a wooden plough.

"When I was sixteen years old I learned to make cigars in a small factory and worked as an apprentice for three years. Then I went to work in neighboring towns and became somewhat of a sport. I wrestled, ran, and had a good time generally. There were few who could beat me in 100 yards. I trained Samuel Day, a Connecticut boy, until he could beat me about five feet in 100 yards, and then we travelled together.

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At Binghamton, N. Y., where I worked several years, I married in 1856 and settled down. In 1860 I invented a harness-snap out of which I ought to have made myself rich, but I didn't. I sold the patent for \$300. Fourteen years later the purchasers paid me \$3500 to lend my name to a petition for an extension of the patent for another fourteen years. I afterward learned that they made at least \$400,000 out of my snap.

“ Well, it was at Ackley, Iowa, that I first conceived the idea of fooling the world with the big stone man. I had some relations at Ackley, and sent my sister's husband 10,000 cigars to sell. He couldn't pay me, and I went there to see about it. I found the farm he owned encumbered, and, as I thought a good deal of the family, before I left I

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cleared up the mortgage. At that time a Methodist revivalist was in Ackley, and prayed all over the settlement. The people were too poor to pay him anything, and he boarded around. One night he was at my sister's house, and after supper we had a long discussion and a hot one.

“At midnight we went to bed, and I lay wide awake wondering why people would believe those remarkable stories in the Bible about giants, when suddenly I thought of making a stone giant and passing it off as a petrified man. I returned to Binghamton and sold out my business ; went to Wisconsin, where the idea continued to haunt me, and went back to New York State with my family, and finally returned to Iowa. But I didn't go near my folks at Ackley.

“After a while I found a suitable kind

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of stone near Port Dodge, on the river-bank. It was a gray stone, somewhat resembling gypsum, with dark-colored bluish streaks, which afterward passed for veins of a human body. I found a mass of this rock cropping out about 160 feet from the river, and bought an acre of this land. Then I went to work with a force of men, and in three weeks I had a block ready to take away. It was about 11 feet 4 inches in length, 3 feet 6 inches wide, and over 2 feet thick. This I transported by land to the nearest railroad station, Boone, 45 miles distant. The removal to the station occupied three weeks and cost over \$200. It was no small job transporting this ponderous mass over prairie roads, fords, and weak bridges. Two men in succession threw up their contracts, and if I had not been supervising the job, aided by jack-

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screws, levers, beams, and windlasses, it would have remained in the road.

“At Boone I shipped it to Chicago, where I rented a one-story frame building on North Clark Street, close to the lake. Then I hired a stone-cutter and cautioned him to secrecy. When the Fort Dodge people asked me what I wanted of the stone I had told them that I was going to take it to Washington as a specimen of the best building-stone in the world. Now I expected greater trouble in avoiding the inquisitive. The stone-cutter was an Italian named Salla, and all he wanted was his wages. I never told him what I was going to do, and he never told anybody what he was doing. This same Salla however saw the possibilities of the idea, and afterwards manufactured several other petrified giants, notably the Fresno giant

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"found" at Fresno, Cal., in 1890 and the Irish giant Finn McCool, which he planted and discovered in the north of Ireland in 1872.

"I first made the model of a man in clay. It lay on its back and was just the shape which the Cardiff Giant assumed as the work of cutting it out progressed. On the under side of the body I cut away some places, as I did not wish to have the giant too perfect, because there should be some parts of his flesh which had not petrified and therefore rotted away. I then made a tool with bundles of darning-needles, the handles cast in lead, and with this tool went over every inch of the body, making millions of little holes in the stone. The foremost scientific men in the country afterward viewed them with magnifying-glasses and thought they

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were pores of the giant's skin. In order to give the giant the appearance of age, I procured two gallons of sulphuric acid and swabbed the figure with it. The steam from the acid and the stone rose in clouds. The acid gave the stone a dingy brown color and an appearance of great antiquity. Then I put the giant in an iron-bound box and shipped it to Union, N. Y., nine miles from Binghamton. It weighed with its packing 4000 pounds. The figure itself weighed 2996 pounds.

“Onondaga Hollow is near Tully, a station thirteen miles from Syracuse. It is a marked depression in the ground, and there is a hill on each side. Geologists say it was at one time a lake, and many petrified fish and reptiles have been found there. In this hollow is situated the cross-roads hamlet called Cardiff, and

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I had determined it was just the place to bury the giant. There lived there a relative named 'Stub' Newell, whom I took into my confidence, first swearing him to secrecy. Union Station was sixty miles away. We took the giant in his big box across to Cardiff, arriving at Newell's farm at midnight in a pouring rain. We put the box back of the barn and covered it with hay and straw, and two weeks later we went back and buried the image in a grave five feet deep. The interment took place at dead of night, and we had to transport and erect for the purpose a huge derrick. Indeed, it was no small job to remove all trace of the midnight burial.

"I returned to Binghamton and waited one year less two weeks. In the mean time I manufactured cigars. I had previously given Newell directions how

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to discover the giant. It came out all right. I didn't go near the spot for two or three days after it was dug up, and was first told of the great find by several people on the street. I professed to believe it was a 'sell'. When I did go, crowds were flocking to the grave from all parts of the country, and Newell was making a small fortune charging 50 cents a head to see the wonder. One day he took in \$220, and in all must have realized about \$7000 before the giant was taken from the grave. The State Geologist and a party of scientific gentlemen came to view it and proclaimed it a petrified human being, and then came the speculators."

Mr. Hull recounted the various efforts to buy the prize. Spencer of Utica, and Higgins, Gillett & Westcott of Syracuse, offered Newell \$30,000 for three-fourths

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interest in the giant, leaving Newell one-fourth. Hull was still in the background and very much disgusted. He says that Newell became so puffed up with the importance of the secret that he could not contain himself, and told it to several of his relatives and friends. Hull saw that the secret would soon leak out, and decided to realize at once and quit. He told Newell to close the bargain, and Newell paid Hull \$20,000 as his share. Just after the bargain had been closed P. T. Barnum appeared, and, after some inquiries, said to Hull :

“ So you are George Hull, who made the Cardiff Giant. How and where did you make it ? ”

Assuming an indifferent and jocose air, Hull replied : “ Oh, yes ; I made it over on the hillside near Binghamton.”

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"How did you get it over here?" was Barnum's next question.

"Oh," said Hull, "I put it on my shoulder one afternoon, and ever since my shoulders have been kind of stiff and sore."

Barnum laughed and went over to talk with the man who had just bought the giant. He offered him \$60,000 for the use of the figure for three months. The offer was refused.

Mr. Hull finally got \$3000 for his one-fourth interest in the figure, which made \$23,000 in all. As his expenses were \$3000, this left him more than \$20,000 for his work. There were soon six copies of the wonder being exhibited through the country.

Hannum was one of the first who saw the possibilities of money-making in the Cardiff Giant, and he secured an interest,

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in partnership with Dr. Westcott, father of the author of the novel. When Dr. Westcott died, Hannum tried to sell his share, but up to the time of his death was sole owner of the famous humbug. Among his possessions when he died was found the key to the vault in which the once famous stone man lay. This famous vault is in Massachusetts, and one of Hannum's pet schemes after his reverses in fortune was to recoup himself with another exhibition of the Cardiff Giant.

Many of the most prominent people of the country, both in literary and political circles, were interested in this gigantic hoax. Mr. Rankin is probably the only man who knows the whole story of the famous hoax.

Mr. Rankin in a recent letter adds some more facts about Hannum's con-

DAVID AND THE CARDIFF GIANT

nection with the Cardiff Giant. Mr. Rankin writes :

“Cardiff is about sixty miles from Union, N. Y. Hull went to Union with a four-horse team and the heaviest wagon he could get and carted it a circuitous route through the country, going through Lamb’s Corners, McLean, and avoiding the villages of Cortland and Homer. When he came to Tully it was dark and raining, and he went into the Tully hotel to obtain a lantern. The size of the man and his appearance at night attracted the attention of people. They saw that he was moving a very heavy box with four large horses, which he told them was tobacco machinery. A few days after the discovery of the Giant, the people at this hotel went to Newell’s farm in Cardiff to pay their fifty cents and see the image. Hull, in his anxiety to see the excite-

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ment and look after his interest, was present. Some of them recognized him as the man who one year before had come to the hotel to get a lantern and who had the big box. Hull himself had as much to do with creating suspicion as Newell's disclosures did. Newell acted his part very well, because he was beset from all sides for information and disclosures.

“ Dr. Westcott, father of the author of ‘David Harum,’ was one of the many from Syracuse to visit Cardiff, and he was very much taken with the discovery, and believed it to be a genuine giant and not a hoax. When Hannum next went to see him, which he did every few days, Westcott took Hannum with him, and as Hannum was governed somewhat by Westcott's judgment in the matter, they, with four other gentlemen from Syra-

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cuse, purchased a thirty-thousand-dollar interest, paying five thousand each. They purchased it of Newell, who deeded them a three-quarter interest.

There was one Sunday they took in over \$1000 at the pit, as they called the grave, and the receipts before it was moved to Syracuse aggregated about \$12,000.

“After the figure had been discovered some two or three weeks, I went to Syracuse with Hannum and Westcott. Hannum and myself went down to Cardiff, where I saw the Giant still in the pit. A great many people were there at the time, among them several wealthy ladies from Syracuse. Rumors had already begun to circulate about the big box and the big man named Hull from Binghamton, which created suspicion as to the genuineness of the giant. Westcott and Han-

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num asked me to find out when I returned what I could about Hull and let them know. When I again visited Syracuse they had moved the statue to that place, and it was on exhibition in the Bastable Block. Crowds were visiting it daily. One day while I was there over four thousand people visited it, paying fifty cents each. The mayor and common council and other bodies from Rochester came down on a special train. The passenger trains on the New York Central Railroad stopped ten minutes to allow passengers to go across the street and visit it.

“About this time P. T. Barnum came to Syracuse, and tried to negotiate with the owners for its purchase. He offered fifty thousand dollars for a half-interest in it. Then he tried to lease it, offering to pay the expense of exhibiting it and

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give them half of the receipts. But the owners were so elated with the prospects that he could make no negotiations. Hannum and Westcott talked with me about it, and I told them from what I learned in Binghamton that I believed it was a hoax; in fact, I had learned enough to satisfy me on this point, and I advised them to sell. Hannum believed what I told him, but Westcott was indignant, and said he didn't care what I or anybody said. A few days after this Mr. Thorne of Utica purchased an eighth interest of one of the owners for thirty thousand dollars.

“ P. T. Barnum, who was piqued at not being able to purchase the giant, contracted with a German by the name of Otto, who lived in Syracuse, to make him a duplicate as speedily as possible. Otto made a mortar cast for Barnum and

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shipped it to New York. Barnum exhibited this miserable imitation in his museum in New York as the great and original Cardiff Giant to thousands of people who were disgusted, wondering how such a miserable composition could fool so many people. At the solicitation of State Geologist Hall, principally on the advice of Dr. Westcott, the owners instead of sending the figure directly to New York, shipped it to Albany and exhibited it there, thus allowing Barnum to reap the benefit of exhibiting his mortar imitation of the original humbug. Although the country people, aided by the newspaper reports, believed the Giant to be a real petrified man, State Geologist Hall and other leading scientific men who wrote considerable on the subject did not uphold the idea of its being a petrification, but

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they did believe in its great antiquity. After it left Albany, Hannum was selected to manage it in the interest of the owners. He took it to New York, and from there to Boston. There it created some discussion, and a scientific body, I think the Geological Society, selected a committee, of which Professor Jackson and Oliver Wendell Holmes were members. Hannum appointed an hour for this committee to make their investigation, and when they appeared they brought Ralph Waldo Emerson with them. They told Hannum that they couldn't make a satisfactory report unless they bored a hole into the head of the figure. Hannum didn't know what to say. He didn't want to take the responsibility of injuring the figure, an interest in which had recently been sold on a basis of \$240,000, but they were

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persistent, and Hannum let them bore a hole with a quarter-inch bit right under the ear. The distinguished committee made their report that the figure was gypsum and undoubtedly of great antiquity. About this time the newspapers began to publish stories from Fort Dodge about the great gypsum stone that was taken from there. The evidences of Hull's connection with it soon became so numerous that even Dr. Westcott became convinced and disgusted. Hannum finally sold the statue to Mr. Gott, a photographer of Syracuse, who had done quite a business selling photographs of the image. Gott purchased it on a contract, agreeing to give twenty thousand dollars for it. Hannum left it with him and returned to Homer. Gott exhibited the giant in New Haven, Philadelphia, and other cities for a time

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with varied success. He finally took it to central Massachusetts, but failed to live up to his contract and released his title to it."

They tell an anecdote of Hannum while travelling around the country with the giant.

One day a dapper young man entered a passenger-car of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western train. The car was well filled, but there was one seat occupied only by a short, thick-set, rather uncouth man, who managed to spread himself over nearly the whole seat. Going up to him, the young man ordered him to sit along and give the newcomer part of the seat.

Something in the manner in which the order was given did not suit the older man, and he refused to stir.

"See here, do you know who I am?"

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inquired the young man, irritated at the other's obstinacy. "My name is Sloan, and my father is president of this road."

"See here, young man, do you know who I am?" was the ready and unabashed reply of the occupier of the seat, who did not stir an inch as he spoke. "My name is Dave Hannum, and I'm the father of the Cardiff Giant."

CHAPTER IV

LAST DAYS OF HANNUM'S LIFE

DAVID HANNUM was a man who always looked upon the cheerful side of things. Pessimistic he would not be, and to the very end of his life, when friend after friend went back on him and failed to keep their solemn obligations, he still maintained his cheery optimistic way of making the best of everything. The story of Hannum's latter life, of the loss of his fortunes, and his death a poor man, has never been told. Hannum lost his fortune in land speculation. When the war was on and farms were selling cheap he bought real estate largely. Land continued to go up, and he could have sold out at a large

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profit; but he made the one big financial mistake of his life, and went on buying more land instead of selling. Then prices dropped to nothing, and he could make no sales except at a loss. It seemed to be that henceforth everything was against him.

At this very time he had a contract to supply a New York dealer with hay. He hoped from this to recover his losses in land, but the dealer failed, and that wound up the contract. He had bought many of his farms, paying half cash and giving a mortgage for the balance. One by one he found himself unable to take care of the mortgages, and foreclosure sales followed. He did his best to pay his debts, but some of his hard-hearted neighbors have not forgiven him to this day for not paying up every cent that he owed before he died.

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According to Mr. Rankin : " Hannum had no particular liking for anything but a horse. Some men who have a liking for horses are fond of dogs, or pets of another kind. Hannum never had any, he never cared for fishing, for hunting, or for any sports whatever ; he was all horse, every day in the year. I never knew him to go hunting but once ; that was when we were out in Kansas with a view of purchasing an Indian reservation for some Eastern men who were to join us. We were invited by Mr. Ben Akers to visit the celebrated Sprague farm near Lawrence, Kan., where there were a good many celebrated horses for breeding purposes, among others the great Ethan Allen. One afternoon Akers asked us if we would like to ride out to a small lake and do some duck-shooting. As an inducement for Hannum to go he

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said he might drive Ethan Allen out to a buggy, while he and I would ride out with the ladies in a carriage. We were supplied with double-barrelled guns, and when we reached the lake, Akers, Hannum, and I started out toward a cluster of woods looking for ducks. In a little while we came back where the ladies were. Akers had two nice ducks, I had a little wood-duck, and Hannum had nothing. The ladies thought it a good joke on David. Chagrined at their laughter, he started for a cluster of trees a little over quarter of a mile away, and when he got about half-way there a jack-duck flew over his head. He aimed his gun and fired. The bird dropped in the grass, and Hannum picked it up, and calling at the top of his voice 'See there!' he threw it up in the air for the ladies to see, when to his great astonishment it

LAST DAYS OF HANNUM'S LIFE

spread its wings and flew off to the woods.

“ He quit the sport disgusted, and that is the only effort I ever knew him to make at hunting.

“ I hope you have dwelt on the moral aspect of Hannum's life in regard to his habits. Hannum was really a moral man. In all our travels I never knew him to associate with immoral persons. He met horsemen from everywhere ; he drank, but not to excess. He occasionally would say ‘ Damn it,’ but didn't use oaths in his conversation. He was a great story-teller, and sometimes in a social way would imbibe freely.

“ I don't think any one ever saw him intoxicated. I never did. The nearest I came to it was when we visited Saratoga one summer. There were some friends of ours, merchants from New

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York, stopping at Congress Hall, and they enjoyed Hannum's fun so much that they thought it would be a nice thing to get him drunk, and they started in with that view. I was out that evening, and when I returned at eleven o'clock some of the party were stretched in chairs, another on a settee, and Hannum was standing up, leaning his elbows on the buffet. He looked first at me, and then at them, then turned to me with a smile and said, 'John, they didn't know who'd come.'

"After we had been at the hotel a day or two, an incident occurred which Hannum greatly enjoyed telling about afterward. We had at the table with us a stylish and wealthy family from New York. Hannum, as a general thing, made the acquaintance of everybody who came within his reach. Han-

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num one day had a fit of coughing, and to cover his embarrassment, or for fun, he complained of his cough growing no better at Saratoga, and said that he didn't believe the Congress water was helping him a particle. The lady opposite said, 'Why, Mr. Hannum, I never heard of Congress water as a cure for coughs.'

" 'Why, it cures everything, doesn't it? I supposed it was a great cure for consumption.'

" She said she hadn't heard of it, and wanted to know if he had had it long and tried any other remedies. To which he replied that he had tried a great number of things. She said, 'Mr. Hannum, have you ever tried cod-liver oil?'

" 'Yes'm, yes'm ; I have taken forty barrels of it.'

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“‘Forty barrels, Mr. Hannum? You don’t mean forty barrels!’

“‘Yes’m. If you don’t believe it, I can show you the empty barrels.’

“Hannum kept a sober face during the dinner, but later, when the lady took him to task about it, he acknowledged that he was ‘figuratively speaking,’ a common expression of his when his remarks were too extravagant.”

Hannum always fought hard against adversity, and always kept up a good appearance. About this time he borrowed \$3,000 on a note. It ran over two years, and he was not able to pay even a part of it. He kept living, however, in the same style he had always done; in fact, the villagers say the poorer he got the better he lived. An old fellow, from whom he borrowed the money, was Hannum’s opposite in all things,

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and he was just as much noted for his miserly, penurious ways as Hannum was for liberality and good-fellowship. One day his creditor met Hannum on the street and said :

“ Dave, you are living in a very liberal way. You’ve got six or seven horses in your barn and I’ve only one. You eat roast pork, and I have to put up with corned beef and cabbage. And considering all these things, I think you ought to pay me a little on that note of mine once in a while.”

“ Well, I cannot,” was Hannum’s reply with a chuckle. “ If I did, I would have to live in the same style you do, and God knows I cannot do that.”

Yet to Hannum’s credit it must be said that he did the best he could to satisfy his obligations. Some of them he did not think were just debts ; and to give an

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instance of the bad luck that seemed to follow him to his grave, I may tell the story of the ten-thousand dollar insurance policy upon Mrs. Hannum's life, upon which he had relied so much for his latter years. This was an endowment policy which matured some time after he had lost his fortune. The money was to be paid from a bank in Syracuse, and he took a friend along with him into the bank. The money was paid into the hand of this friend, for which Hannum receipted. The friend went out of the door a moment before Hannum, who never could get him to yield up a cent of the money. This man had been a prominent man in business in the village of Homer. Hannum had relied on this money to assist in paying off his indebtedness. Among his other obligations Hannum had become indebted

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through trying to assist a friend, a relative by marriage, who had got into difficulty, and being unable to meet these obligations at once he thought to have time by placing the title to his farms in the hands of another friend, a well known person of an adjoining town. This person allowed Hannum to conduct the property as he saw fit, believing that he simply held it in trust and would no doubt as a friend have been true to Hannum, but one day he died and Hannum's interest in the property died with him.

Mr. Hannum died from a carbuncle on January 1, 1892. He left no direct relatives except a brother and a nephew, already spoken of, of Hartford, Conn.

CHAPTER V

AFTER WESTCOTT

"WHEN DAVID HARUM VISITED ——."

The following Chapter was published in the first edition of this book in the belief that it had originally formed a part of Mr. Westcott's MS., become separated from it by accident or design and, after the great novel's publication, found its way into the newspapers. It now transpires that the chapter is not genuine, but was written "in the style of Westcott" by a clever New Jersey clergyman as his contribution to an after-dinner diversion. It got into print without any idea on his part that it would be credited to Mr. Westcott.

The admirable manner in which the writer has caught the feeling and peculiar humor of the original is a sufficient reason for its retention here, and it is regretted that the parodist's modesty prevents the disclosure of his identity.

“WHEN DAVID VISITED ——”

“JOHN,” said David on one of their evening rides, “did I ever tell ye about that pair of sorrel colts I sold to a fellow down in Jersey?”

“No,” said John, “but I would like to hear it.”

“Wall, it was some few years ago ; I had as fine a pair of young sorrel horses as I ever drew a line on. Gen’l Wolsey was up this way, and I took him out for a drive with ’em. The gen’l says he, ‘David, did ye ever see the hoss-show down t’ New York?’

“‘No, I haint,’ sez I.

“‘Wall,’ sez he, ‘you’d ought to see it; it’s just your line, and you’d like it tremendous. And what’s more,’ sez the gen’l, ‘you oughter take down them hosses: you’d get a ribbon for ’em sure; and if you’d sell ’em,’ sez he, kind of softly, ‘you might make a hundred or two.’

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“ ‘Wall,’ sez I, ‘I’d like to go.’

“ ‘I’ll fix it up for ye,’ sez he.

“Wall, the gen’l got it all fixed up, and I took the colts down, and they had a big yaller building there, and, I swan! they had more hosses in it ’n they be in all Freeland County; and the folks!—wall, prob’ly you bin there and I can’t tell you anythin’ ’bout it. But say, John, I heerd more fool things said ’bout hosses in them four days than I ever heerd afore in all my life, and I’ve heerd a good deal, too. The’ ain’t no truer verse in the Scripture than that un: ‘What fools these mortals be!’ And the’ ain’t no more likely place for a human being to prove it than when he gets to drivin’ a hoss. Why, those fellers, when they wanted to make a hoss start, hit ’em a clip with a great long whip, and the poor critters ’ud jump, and wonder what

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they'd ben doing. That ain't no way to start a hoss. Made me want to wipe the dust with their durned white pants, it did!

“Wall, time came for me to drive the sorrels 'round the ring. The noise and all the stir made 'em stand right up, and I tell ye I was proud. They were as quiet as kittens though, and they moved off, much as to say, ‘We aren't 'fraid of you, all you folks, but if we just had a road here we'd show you some hosses!’

“Wall, after I got through, a lot of fellers with long coats and plug hats come 'round praisin' the colts, and askin' fool questions. I noticed one feller lookin' at 'em kind o' serious, and pretty soon Gen'l Wolsey come up and he sez, ‘See that han'sum feller with the black mustache?’

“‘Yes,’ sez I.

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“‘Wall,’ sez the gen’l, ‘his name’s Brown; he knows more ’bout iron than any feller in the ’nited States, and he don’t know it fer nothin’ neither,’ sez he.

“‘All right,’ sez I, ‘fetch him on.’

“Pretty soon the feller come, and sez right out: ‘I want a pair of hosses just like them, but I’m afeard they’re too spirited. You know it’s different drivin’ hosses over in Jersey than ’tis up in the country—so many trolleys and bicycles and things.’

“‘Wall,’ sez I, ‘I’ll tell you what I’ll do. I’ll meet you over in Jersey, just as soon as I can get out of these diggin’s, and I’ll drive you all ’round your trolleys and things, and if them colts cut up the least bit, you’ll be much obliged to me for a ride. If they’re as nice as kittens, you pay me \$900 for ’em.’

“WHEN DAVID VISITED ——”

“ ‘All right,’ sez he, after thinkin’ a minnit, ‘I’ll do it.’

“ So we ’greed to meet at four o’clock Sat’d day afternoon at the —— railroad station. Early that mornin’ I started for —— with the colts, and ’fore that feller got there I’d got ’em so used to trolleys and steam-cars they’d hardly look at ’em, and when he cum I stood the colts right near the engine, and you’d ought to see his eyes stick out when them hosses never moved a muscle! Wall, we had a fine ride, and we ended up to his house ; and ’twas a dandy, I tell you! Then says he : ‘Now, Mr. Harum, it’s just our eatin’ time, and you’ve got to stay and have some dinner ; and what’s more, you’ve got to stay over Sunday with me, too.’

“ ‘Wall,’ I sez, ‘you’re the driver now,’

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for I kind o' liked the feller and thought I'd stay.

"Wall, come next mornin', he sez: "Now, Mr. Harum, I allus go to church, and I'd like fust rate to hev you go with me. We got a good minister and some good folks, and you'll like it.'

"Wall, he'd been so awful good to me I couldn't very well say no. I found out 'twas a Methodist church, and then I wished I'd spunked up and stayed to home. But I was in for 't, so I shut my teeth, and vowed to grin and bear it.

"'After all, 'twa'n't so bad. The preacher looked 'most like a priest, and had on one of them choker vests you don't have to wear no biled shirt with, and after a while he got to talkin', and I swan I liked him. He told 'em he was goin' to talk 'bout the greatest thing in the world. I supposed it was goin' to be the Methodist

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church or the prohibition party, but 'twa'n't no such thing. 'Twas just doin' good and lovin' people. And he told those folks they wa'n't no religion 'cept lovin'; and I says to myself, 'Ol' feller, if you'd come up to Homeville, I'd go to church 100 per cent more'n I do.'” (David's rule was to go to church every Thanksgiving day if he felt like it.) “When we come out, Brown asked the same question folks always ask up to Homeville: ‘How'd you like the minister?’ ‘Wall,’ says I, ‘he's sound all right, and he'd make as good a mile in the back pasture as he would 'fore all the folks of Freeland County fair.’

“Come evening, Brown, sez he: ‘Now, Mr. Harum, I don't alwus go to church evenin's, but there's a friend of mine goin' to talk to a Presbyterian church down here, and I want to go.’ He said

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he wa'n' a minister, so I thought perhaps I could stan' it. Wall, we got to a great big church, and they was an old feller playin' the all-firedest big organ I ever set eyes on. Pretty soon he struck that piece you sing, 'bout a feller sittin' one day by the org'n and not feelin' exac'ly right, jest joggin' 'long with a loose rein for quite a piece, and so on, an' then by an' by strikin' right into his gait, and goin' on stronger and stronger, and finally finishin' up with an A-men that carries 'em quarter way 'round the track 'fore he c'n pull up. Wall, they did some fine singin', and the minister prayed a little, and then he said he'd been asked to say somethin' 'bout a bill in the Legislature he didn't know anything about, and he wanted to int'duce a jedge that did know somethin' 'bout it. 'Darn sensible minister,' says I. Then

“WHEN DAVID VISITED ——”

the jedge got up. My, but he was a fine looker! Sixteen hand high, neck like a Norman, and powerful in the shoulder. Wall, he didn't make no great splurge, but he talked an awful lot o' common sense, 'bout the poor fellers he sent to jail, and how he'd like to fix it up so's they'd come out better inste'd of worse. Then says he: 'There's a lady here I wish 'ud sing "Where is my wandering boy to-night?"'

"Then the organ man played, and the lady got up, real pretty and modest-lookin', and begun to sing. She hadn't more'n got under the wire 'fore she began to make the women feel roun' for their hank'chiefs, and I swan I got out my bandana 'fore she got through the fust verse. I couldn't help it.

“‘ The boy of my tend'est care,
The boy that was once my joy and light,
The child o' my love and prayer!’

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"I never had no real mother, you know, John ; she died 'fore I was two years old, and 'twas too much for me. Then she kep' on :

" 'Once he was pure as the mornin' dew,
As he knelt at his mother's knee.'

"John, I was 'way back in the ol' shanty 'fore my mother died ; seems 's if I could 'member what I never could afore. And I shet my eyes and I would see my mother, an' me a little baby kneelin' down and her a-tryin' to learn me how to pray ; knowin' she'd got to die, and then they wouldn't be no one to learn me. John, I got my mother back that night, and that girl'll never know how much good she done.

"And I say, John, if you ever get to feelin' wicked and a-thinkin' the' ain't no God, nor no goodness in the worl', just

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**you go down to Jersey to my friend
Brown, and let him take you roun' to
church.”**

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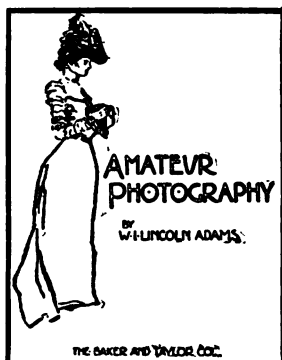
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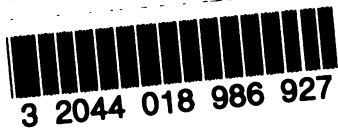
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